

## BARRE DAILY TIMES

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 Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,005

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

No, we can't forget the Maine. And who could?

The actress Margaret Illington wants to darn socks; therefore she is going to leave her present husband, Daniel Frohman, and marry another man who wears socks.

Ex-Governor Frederick Holbrook of Brattleboro seems to have been unanimously elected the "grand old man of Vermont" on the occasion of his 96th birthday yesterday.

If the memorial to Samuel de Champlain is to be constructed of Barre granite, as there is a possibility, Barre people should contribute toward the fund to erect the memorial.

Cold water slays, as well as liquor, when taken under abnormal conditions, but that will be no excuse for taboing the use of water, even after the fatal experience of a Hinesburg man.

In view of the fact that it looks as if Congress might refuse to remove Knox's bar to a cabinet position, it is interesting to note that the Pennsylvania is still a United States senator. A job in the hand, thinks Knox, is worth a better one in the bush. So he is keeping on the safe side.

The seventh-time candidacy of James E. Burke for the mayoralty in Burlington is calculated to make the faces prick up their ears and also stare. Burke has been mayor several years and has wanted to be several more, not to mention the habit he has acquired of bobbing up for the Vermont governorship. One would think that Burke had certainly been given enough time in Burlington to exploit his own theories and to prove them sound or false. Yet it seems that his thirst for office is insatiable.

If United States Marshal "Hod" Bailey of Rutland doesn't quit his jokin' he will have a breach of promise suit on his hands. The other day Bailey was told that Middlebury college lacked but \$7,000 of completing a long-sought endowment fund; whereupon the U. S. marshal pronounced his intention to make up the deficiency forthwith. A reporter who was new to the marshal's style of joke at once reported the promise to his managing editor, and the managing editor took prompt means to announce the gift to the authorities of old Middlebury. But when time came to substantiate the story from Bailey himself he put a different interpretation on the little affair of \$7,000, while the managing editor made things blue, but not with cigarette smoke, and the reporter who was new to Bailey's style of joke went around the house and kicked himself three times. Last reports have not told how Middlebury college feels. So the jocular Bailey will label his \$7,000 pleasant hereafter, lest he lead reporters and managing editors astray.

## ST. ALBANS'S POLITICAL CONVERSION.

It must be extremely gratifying to any people in St. Albans that the voters there have discarded the worn-out stem of partisan nominations for the municipal election, albeit there must have been a decided hardship for both the Republican and the Democrats to turn over a new leaf so suddenly and nominate a new ticket throughout. By another way the two parties sought to that stage when they will caucus together instead of in different rooms of the same building and at the same time. Then, they will have come to the citizens' caucus idea which has had a full experimental run in Barre and Montpelier for years and which has resulted satisfactorily. As to the choice of the two parties in St. Albans for mayor, it is to be said that Attorney Warren R. Austin ought to prove a capable official in view of his natural abilities and considerable experience in the law and in that particular part which has to do with the duties of state's attorney.

That our St. Albans contemporary is pleased is evident from these words: "The time has come for St. Albans to do something, and she is about to choose a city government that, with proper public support, ought to be amply capable of doing it."

## WHAT CONSTITUTES CLEMENTISM.

Clement added by the graft, delinquency, hypocrisy and bungling of prohibition cut a wide swath, but without that issue he is nothing more than any other greedy corporationist who has his hand in the pockets of the public for thirty years, and now, when he has gotten his pile, struts around and tries to pose as a friend of the dear people. It is not beyond belief that the people may be look-



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 WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.

174 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

ing for a champion one of these days, but his name won't be Clement.—Bennington Banner.

The contemporary makes the mistake of accrediting to Clement only a single policy during the several years which he has been more or less in publicity in Vermont. As a matter of fact, while local opinion was one big gun in his behalf, there was another, viz., retrenchment in expenses. Among thinking people, the latter was fully as powerful as the former in rallying support to his independent movement. We'll admit that Clement himself was a somewhat negligible factor, but he represented some vital issues, one of which has become paramount during the past few months, as the other was a few years ago. And if the right man were to take hold of the matter and represent Clementism only under another name, he would be a power in the state in view of the present mental attitude of the taxpayers. In what we had to say previously and which called for comment by the Bennington contemporary, we did not attempt to say that Clement himself might come again into political life in Vermont, although we repeat with conviction that Clement himself would be better suited to the job of governor of Vermont than some of the lightweights mentioned. We also wish to disavow any purpose to revive Clement, himself, politically speaking.

## CURRENT COMMENT

A "Wireless Hero."

Our grandfathers would have been puzzled to understand what a "wireless hero" was. Our grandmothers—of the hoop-skirt era—might have comprehended what a "wireless heroine" was.—Randolph Herald.

## Petty Graft.

Petty graft in Burlington municipal affairs, in the school and street department? No! No! It cannot be. Yet the New York accountants who were called in last year to audit the accounts of the city and again this year, sharply arraign the superintendents of both departments for their loose system of book-keeping. Is it possible, in a city famous for its schools and colleges, with two business colleges thrown in for measure, the study of book-keeping has been neglected and men cannot be found to keep the city accounts correctly?—Morrisville Messenger.

## Good For St. Albans.

St. Albans did herself proud in the Lincoln centenary exercises last evening. The affair throughout, in its literary and musical excellence, would have been a credit anywhere in the country, and any world-wise stranger who had heard the scholarly and fascinating address of the President John M. Thomas, of Middlebury College and the beautiful music of the great chorus of trained local singers, would say that this is no mere home newspaper exaggeration or boast. This city has always been fortunate in the character of such public undertakings and in resources of men and money to plan and execute their details upon a lofty plane. St. Albans has had her troubles but this phase of her commercial life has for many a year been ambitious and wholesome altogether.

Now, if we could only reconcile some of our other interests to such pleasant and lofty paths.—St. Albans Messenger.

## As a Manufacturing Nation.

The antiprotection tariff views of Prof. William G. Sumner of Yale have not lost in strength with the passage of years, and he has lately been quoted in vigorous denunciation of the whole system. Naturally he regards the revision with considerable scorn, and some weight is to be given to his observation that there is no such thing as a "scientific tariff," while a tariff to offset differences of cost of production "is a futile notion." What he urges now is a step by step march toward free trade, not through general tariff reduction so much as by way of tariff abatements by countries. He would begin with Canada, where exist great stores of coal, lumber and metals which we need and could use, but which "are shut away from us by taxes that are the derision of com-

mon sense." We are spending millions to get an oriental trade and build a navy to defend it, when there is more and better trade to be had with Canada merely by repealing the taxes against it.

This is all true, and New England is waking up to the truth and the advantages that must come to this section especially through the complete elimination of all tax barriers along the northern border. And then, when it is seen that free trade with Canada will not engulf us all in a boisterous industrial ruin, the country will be ready to extend the area of its freedom of trade with the outside world. William C. Hunneman of Boston takes up Prof. Sumner's idea and extends it with the proposal that attention first be directed to establishing free trade with all the rest of North America; this to be followed, after a lapse of two or three years, by similar arrangements with the countries of South America, and then with Africa and Asia—letting a modified-tariff stand meanwhile against the manufacturing nations of Europe.

This is presumably to be a reciprocity scheme applied on a radical and extended scale, and it must find growing favor with all who would have the great purpose of the protective tariff carried out—the creation of a nation given to manufacture rather than to agriculture. The time has come when this purpose can no longer be served by the tariff protection considered essential in the past. It is rather to be served through greater freedom from tariff taxation, beginning either with a general abolition of taxes on raw material, or reciprocal freedom of all trade with countries which are better known as producers of such material than as manufacturers.—Springfield Republican.

## Enforce Tax Laws.

While it is true the recent legislature failed to pass any taxation measure, is there no present official who would be warranted in taking up the matter of better enforcing the present taxation laws. Why not the state's attorneys of the several counties, under the direction of the attorney general, for instance? According to the findings of the commission on taxation "there are frequent and flagrant violations of the law by both listers and tax-payers." Further: "Less than three per cent of all the inventories on file are filled out as required by law; that many taxpayers file no inventories; and that if the law was enforced that imposes a penalty of \$200 upon a lister for accepting an inventory not properly made out the forfeiture thus incurred would in 1907 be over \$200,000." Why are not the prosecuting officers warranted in seeing to it that the provisions of the statute relating to taxation are as reasonably well enforced as any other law?—Northfield News.

## HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN

If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble and want a certain, pleasant relief from Women's Pills, try Mother Gray's "AUSTRALIAN LEAF." It is a safe, reliable regulator, and relieves all Female Weaknesses, including indigestion and ulcerations. Mother Gray's Australian Leaf is sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 25 cents. Send for FREE Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.



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That's why knowing housewives like "our kind" of groceries. They long ago found there's no saving in buying cheap goods. All this doesn't mean we are "high priced" or sell expensive goods. Oh no. We carry just good pure foods at prices as low as cost allows. "We aim to be the most economical store in town," quality considered. Try us and see.

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Best Box Butter, lb. 32c

Boneless Smoked Shoulders,

weighing from 10 to 13

lbs. each, lb. 12 1-2c

## SMITH &amp; CUMINGS,

The Department Food Store.

## JINGLES AND JESTS

## What She Said.

Yes, once she said she'd never wed  
 A man who was not noted—  
 The common kind most women find—  
 No matter how devoted.  
 She wanted mind. No Boeotian blind  
 And earthly, dull and grubby  
 Could win her hand, you understand,  
 But have you noticed hubby?

A handsome face, a form whose grace  
 Suggested an Apollo.  
 She would require, and in attire  
 To beat Beau Brummel hollow.  
 You couldn't hire her to admire  
 A sloven, small and scrubby.  
 She wanted what she never got  
 For—have you noticed hubby?

At 17 a girl may mean  
 To get the best that's going.  
 At 28 most of her mate  
 Brings joys most overflowing.  
 So at this date, she doesn't hate  
 The commonplace and tubby.  
 She's satisfied to be a bride.  
 Say—Have you noticed hubby?

—Chicago Daily News.

## Letting the Other Fellow Worry.

"What will you do when racing is suppressed?"  
 "I don't know," answered the bookmaker, "but I'll get on some way. My observation is that people with easy money to distribute will always find some way of handing it to us."—Washington Star.

## Natural.

Photographer (to young man)—It will make a much better picture if you put your hand on your father's shoulder.  
 The Father—Huh! It would be much more natural if he had his hand in my pocket!—Lustige Welt.

## Damage in Scotland.

During the severe snowstorm which swept over the country recently two men were discussing the weather at Montrose.  
 "There's been awful damage w' snow an' win," remarked one.  
 "There has that," replied the other. "I see two footin' matches were stopped before time."—Tit-Bits.

## Perpetual Grief.

"I've gotter noticed," said Deacon Blimber, "that the man who drowns his sorrow in the 'flowin' bowl' most always has his eye 'bout lookin' for more to drown."—Behemian Magazine.

## Quick Change.

He used to call her "dickie."  
 On the honeymoon, but then—  
 Twelve months had hardly slipped before  
 He called her plain "old hen."  
 —Detroit Tribune.

## Proof of It.

A man can write better than he can talk. He can talk all day on the river bank and never catch a fish, but just let him drop them a line once—then see!—Minneapolis Journal.

## The Girl Higher Up.

She's the girl we all look up to.  
 She's dressed in the latest fad.  
 And the reason we all look up to  
 She's the girl in the street car ad.  
 —Pittsburg Post.

## Real Worth.

Minnick—Do you suppose old Chinick knows what he is actually worth?  
 Shinick—No, or he'd feel mighty small in spite of his money.—Browning's Magazine.

## Why Not?

Love, send me no sweet valentine.  
 I care not for the gilly thing.  
 If it's thy wish to call me home,  
 Why not produce a wedding ring?  
 —Browning's Magazine.

## Slightly Above It.

Hyker—Do you think young DeSwift is on the level?  
 Pyker—Of course not. He's an air-ship chauffeur. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## The Horrid Man.

Oh, he didn't like doorwalkers  
 And did cruelly commence  
 When he wished to purchase perfume.  
 "Tell me, have you any scents?"  
 —Minneapolis Journal.

## Precautionary Forgetfulness.

"She's very forgetful."  
 "In what way?"  
 "She never brings any money to a bridge party."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Not Born.

The little Swede boy presented himself before his new schoolmate.  
 "What is your name?" asked the mistress.  
 "Yonny Olsen," he replied.  
 "How old are you?" pursued the teacher.  
 "Ay not know how old Ay bane."  
 "Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher.  
 "Ay not born at all. Ay got step-mother."—London Answers.

## Arma Virumque Cano.

"To arms! To arms!" he heard the cry  
 And sailed forth to do or die  
 Beneath the glances of her eye.

Back from the field of war's alarms,  
 He sought the maid of many charms  
 And heard her sigh: "Two arms! Two arms!"  
 —Chicago Post.

## It Was Auto.

"Awta? Why do you call me Awta?" she demanded.  
 "Aw, because," he snarled, "yer always runnin' a feller down."—Detroit Free Press.

## The New Simplified.

"What do you think of spelling heart 'hart' and heaven 'heven'?"  
 "Eh! Why, that's the way I always spell 'em."—Tatler.

## His Dilemma.

He knew she was a jewel,  
 A rare one of the earth.  
 But he could not ascertain  
 The jewel's actual worth.  
 —Chicago News.

## The Good Form Cold.

"I see you are not in style."  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "You haven't a hackey cold."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A Treasure Lost and Gained

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"Telegram for you, sir."

The butler handed me a telegram, which I opened and read:

Alice is very ill. Come at once.

At the bottom, instead of a name, were the words "No Signature."

I was too distressed to assign reasons as to why the telegram had been sent unsigned. Alice was a girl I loved, but from whom I had received no encouragement. Indeed, so indifferent, so far as love was concerned, had she appeared to me that I had never enlightened her as to my real feelings. The first shock over, I began to think. Why was I sent for?

The subject of the message was not known to any one to be more to me than an acquaintance. Who had taken it upon himself or herself to send for me? Had the sender wished to conceal his or her identity by not signing the message? There might be a different reason. One near to a person in a critical condition is naturally much wrought upon, and in this case the omission might have resulted from agitation.

What should I do? If I remained away after having been summoned the consequences might be distressing. Might not Alice herself have given me her heart, I not suspecting it, and directed that the message be sent, but without a signature? This supposition I dismissed at once, but it had its effect. If I should go and my summons had not been authorized, it would be very embarrassing.

I took a train at once and while on the cars examined the telegram and the envelope carefully. I saw nothing new on either except that my street and number had not been given. It must have been sent by some one who did not know my address, and this must have been learned at the telephone office from a directory—a common method in such cases.

It occurred to me that I had better on arrival say nothing about the telegram, leaving its sending to come out from the family.

After an all night ride I reached my destination. Thinking it would be better for me not to go to the house too early, I waited till 11 o'clock. Meanwhile I had purchased some flowers. My summons at the door was answered by a trained nurse. I asked breathlessly the condition of the patient. The reply was "Better." Handing her the flowers, I asked her to give them to Miss Bond with my card and say that I had come immediately upon learning of her illness and should await anxiously further news of her condition. I took a seat in the drawing room while the nurse went upstairs. When she returned she said:

"Miss Bond sends her heartfelt thanks for the flowers and is deeply impressed by your kindly interest in coming. She is simply indisposed. Her mother is quite ill, and I am here attending upon Mrs. Bond. Miss Bond will be down soon."

I replied that I was much gratified to learn that Miss Bond was not seriously ill, as I had been informed.

In half an hour Alice came in looking somewhat pale, but by no means ill. I saw at once a pleased expression on her face, which she seemed to be trying to control. If there was not a love light in her eye and a smile taken in her smile, then I was a poor interpreter. Like a flash it occurred to me that there had been some error in the telegram, but equally quick I discerned that it had been a blessing in disguise.

"How good of you to come!" she said, giving my hand a soft pressure. "I never dreamed that you took so much interest in me."

"But you know now."

"How in the world did you learn that I was not well?"

"There was a mistake. I was informed that you were quite ill."

"Who informed you?"

"Never mind that now. It is enough that I am here and find you in no danger."

"But—but why did you come, anyway?"

"I have no doubt that to you it seems strange. When I received the telegram—intelligence I thought you might be dying."

"How sweet of you! But would you have gone so far had you supposed the same of another of your girl friends?"

"I would not."

There was a pause, and I feared that she would get back to that telegram. It had served a purpose I did not wish to undo, so I said:

"This day began the most miserable of my life. It is now the happiest."

"Why?" The word was spoken so softly that I could hardly hear it.

A direct reply would have been, "Because of a telegram I received that was either sent by some unauthorized person or was intended for another."

Instead of this I said:

"Because I love you."

I would not tell her about the message, not even during our engagement. Indeed, I have not told her since our marriage. When I returned on the train I read of a supreme court decision against a giant industrial concern issued at the very hour and minute of my telegram. A long while afterward by sheer luck I met a lawyer who was in the courtroom when the decision was read and who sent that telegram as a cipher order to one of my name to sell 5,000 shares of the stock of the concern. My getting the message cost the sender \$30,000. It gave me an infinite treasure.

KINGSBURY WELCH.

## Repertes.

"What is your idea of repertes?"  
 "As a rule," answered Miss Cayenne, "it's a combination of bad disposition and fluent vocabulary."—Washington Star.

## Uneeda Hose Supporters

WITH SAFETY POCKET

Call at Vaughan's and see the new Hose Supporters for Women. They come in white and all colors. Price 25c and 50c each.

15c Children's Carters for 10c a Pair (In all sizes)

Made with good wide elastic, the best Hose Supporter we have seen in the trade. Procure them now when you can find them at 10c pair.

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See the new Black Muslin Waists at 98c and \$1.50.

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## CAN YOU SPELL?

## MAGAZINE REVIEW.

## A Plea for Daily Kindness.

The daily evils that make life hard are not the great sorrows but the infinity of irritating trifles, the unnecessary injustice, the man-made wrongs of life. Such are the cruel temper that has aspects of a household for a day and leaves a trail of enervating sadness and protest; the unreasonable selfishness that overrides the rights of others like a car of juggernaut. There is a bitterness of unforgiving condemnation that listens to no reasons, explanations, or motives, that believes because it has seen, that credits the senses and accepts circumstantial evidence as final. Then too that love may walk along down the valley of darkness and separation, heart hungry for the treasure that has been thrown away.

Man is said to have been made in the image of his Creator. Some men seem to be trying to remove the labels and other identifying brands. If we are men, with the dignity of our powers and privileges and possibilities, let us live like men. Life is not something to be lived through, it is to be lived up to—in all its highest meanings, and messages.

There was in the army of Alexander the Great soldier, who, although he bore the very name of the great conqueror, was in his heart a coward. Cowardice in any soldier of that mighty army was the worst of all crimes; yet for this man to be a coward was shame unspeakable. And Alexander in great anger commanded the craven: "Either give up my name or follow my example." Living up to our possibilities means living up to our name anything less means failure.

If for a single week in any city each individual were to say each morning: "Today no one in the world shall have even one second darkened by any act of mine," and live it, that city would be transformed and glorified. It would, after all, mean only negative goodness, the avoidance of evil, not real, aggressive, positive, high-keyed living at best, but the burden of life would be lifted, and in an atmosphere warm with the radiant glow of love and brotherhood we could almost hear the faint rustle of the angels' wings, the angels of peace ushering in the millennium.

From the February Circle Magazine.

## These Silly Queries.

Greening—Say, old man, what are you wearing glasses for?  
 Browning—For the corns on my feet, of course. I hope you didn't think my eyes were affected.—Detroit Tribune.

## Proof Wanted.

Gerald—Won't you take my word that I love you?  
 Geraldine—I'd rather have the minister take it.—New York Herald.

## He Meant Dollars.

"Old Cosh landed in this country in his bare feet ten years ago. Now he's got millions."  
 "You don't say! Why, he's got a centipede skinned to death, hasn't he?"—Cleveland Leader.